

SING OUT!

A PEOPLES ARTISTS PUBLICATION

Vol. I

MAY, 1950

No. I

THE HAMMER SONG

Words and music by
Lee Hays and Pete Seeger

With steady rhythm

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols (D, A7, Bm, G) are placed above the staff to indicate accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'If I had a ham-mer bell song I'd ring it in the morn-ing, ham-mer I'd ring out sing all o-ver this land; I'd ring out hammer dan-ger I'd ring out a warn-ing, I'd ring out love between all of my broth-ers All o-ver this land.' The score ends with a double bar line.

If I had a ham-mer bell song I'd ring it in the morn-ing,
ham-mer I'd ring out sing all o-ver this land; I'd ring out hammer
dan-ger I'd ring out a warn-ing, I'd ring out love between
all of my broth-ers All o-ver this land.

Well, I got a hammer,
And I got a bell,
And I got a song
for this land;

It's the hammer of justice,
It's the bell of freedom,
It's a song about love between all of my brothers
All over this land.

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THE FIRST ISSUE

of any magazine has a special importance -- both to those creating it and to those who read it. Anyone, anywhere, preparing a magazine, book -- or, for that matter, song, symphony, picture -- must ask himself: "What is this to be about?" and "Who is it for?"

This magazine is about music. Yes, we realize there are music magazines already in existence. What's special about this one? Well, there's music and there's music. A strange thing has happened to much music in our time -- it has nothing to do with the people anymore. Things have come to such a state that it is possible for some leading composers to assert that music is only a mathematical play of sounds, with no other meaning or reason for existence.

Yet all history contradicts this assertion. It can be shown (and in future issues we propose to show it) that music has always been closely related to the life of the people in its time of creation. We can also learn from history that in any given period there have developed two kinds of music. On the one hand, we find music written at one period for the church, at another for the feudal nobility, and so on. On the other hand we find folk music, the creation of the anonymous "people" on which all music has been built.

Both have a viewpoint, both have content -- who will deny this? And what was true yesterday is also true today.

We propose to devote ourselves to the creation, growth and distribution of something new, yet not so new, since its beginnings have been visible, or rather -- audible, for some years now. We call it "Peoples Music." What is this "Peoples Music?" In the first place, like all folk music, it has to do with the hopes and fears and lives of common people -- of the great majority. In the second place, like that other music of which we have spoken -- call it "composed," "concert music," or whatever -- it will grow on the base of folk music. We propose that these two hitherto divergent lines of music shall now join in common service to the common people and that is what we will call "Peoples Music." No form -- folk song, concert song, dance, symphony, jazz -- is alien to it. By one thing above all else will we judge it: "How well does it serve the common cause of humanity?" (Cont'd. on page 16)

SING OUT!

Vol. I
No. 1



May,
1950.

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EDITOR IN CHIEF Robert Wolfe
MANAGING EDITOR Jane Breslaw

MUSIC STAFF: Herbert Haufrecht, Claire Kessler
LITERARY STAFF: Beatrice Baron, Ernie Lieberman, Marilyn West
ART STAFF: Charles Keller, Harold Bloom, Al Held, Muriel Fink
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CONTRIBUTORS: Paul Robeson, Howard Fast, Walter Lowenfels, Alan Lomax, Aaron Kramer, Earl Robinson, Betty Sanders, Waldemar Hille, Irwin Silber, James Hutchinson, Pete Seeger

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HOLD THE LINE

Words by Lee Hays
Music by the Weavers

The gallant defense of the concert audience by veterans and trade unionists against Peekskill fascists inspired this stirring song.

Let me tell you the sto-ry of a line that was held, And
man- y men and wom-en whose cour-age we know well; As they
held the line at Peek-skill on that long Sep-tem-ber day, We will
hold the line for - ev-er till the peo - ple have their way.

CHORUS

Hold the line! Hold the line! As we held the line at Peekskill we will
hold it ev-'ry-where; Hold the line! Hold the line! We will
hold the line for - ev-er till there's free-dome ev -'ry-where.

2. There was music, there was singing, people listened everywhere;
The people they were smiling, so happy to be there --
While on the road behind us, the fascists waited there,
Their curses could not drown out the music in the air.
3. The grounds were all surrounded by a band of gallant men,
Shoulder to shoulder, no fascist could get in,
The music of the people was heard for miles around,
Well guarded by the workers, their courage made us proud.
4. When the music all was over, we started to go home,
We did not know the trouble and the pain that was to come,
We got into our busses and drove out through the gate,
And saw the gangster police, their faces filled with hate.
5. Then without any warning the rocks began to come,
The cops and troopers laughed to see the damage that was done,
They ran us through a gauntlet, to their everlasting shame,
And the cowards there attacked us, damnation to their name.
6. All across the nation the people heard the tale,
And marvelled at the concert, and knew we had not failed,
We shed our blood at Peekskill, and suffered many a pain,
But we beat back the fascists and we'll beat them back again!



Although only twenty years old, Ernie Lieberman has been singing the folk songs of the world all up and down this country for the past four years. First appearing in Town Hall in 1946, he's performed for some of America's most distinguished audiences. . . . United Electrical Workers, Shoeworkers, NAACP, American Labor Party, IWO, and other organizations. The following is Ernie's exciting account of his recent Southern tour with Milt Wolff of the Civil Rights Congress.

"...THINGS I HEARD AND SAW"

I stumbled out of a Greyhound bus after a 25-hour ride and fell immediately into a union hall with the shades drawn where our meeting was to be held. I was shaken wide awake by the quiet of the hall and the purpose-filled faces of the people who greeted me. This was a meeting with a purpose, an interracial meeting in the heart of the Jim-Crow South, organized by the Georgia Civil Rights Congress to speed the end of a Jim-Crow South.

Our chairman was a small man, wrinkled and old, who scarcely spoke above a whisper; but the people listened carefully to this man, for his record of courage and resistance overflowed the room. He did not have to tell them how the Klan had burned a cross on his lawn, how when they came back again he switched on the floodlights installed for the occasion, poked a shotgun through the window, and scared them so that they

have not returned since.

The meeting opened with prayer--a fine prayer for the liberation of a people. And the room was filled with music, a chorus of 200 voices all singing with reverence and feeling, a music of many cross-currents and many, many years of oppression. The people of the South are a singing people. "A man who doesn't sing isn't much of a man," said one Negro minister in a New Orleans church. This night they sang too, and listened attentively to me, to a quartet of their own members, to Milton Wolff, the National Organization Director of CRC, to ministers, and just plain people. The members spoke up, hesitantly at first, then confidently, each contributing some vital information to the group, making it as democratic and lively a meeting as I have ever attended.

(Cont'd, on page 11)

3 BANKS OF MARBLE

Words and music
by Les Rice

Last fall a New York State farmer, Les Rice, known in the Farmer's Union as a song writer, introduced a brand new song at a Hootenanny. Banks of Marble has grown to one of the most popular peoples classics and was recorded by the Weavers on the Hootenanny label. Rice captures the idiom of his Southern farm brothers and identifies the farmer's problems with those of working people throughout the land.

I've trav - elled a - round this coun - try,
I Saw the wear - y farm - er
From shore to shin - ing shore;
G7 Plow ing sod and loam;
It real - ly made me won - der The
I saw the auc - tion ham - mer
things I heard and saw.
Knock - ing down his home.

CHORUS
But the banks are made of mar - ble
With a guard at ev - 'ry door;
And the vaults are stuffed with sil - ver
That the farm - er man sweat - ed for,
mi - ner

I saw the seaman standing idly by the shore,
I heard the bosses saying, "Got no work for you no more."

I saw the miner scrubbing coal dust from his back,
I heard his children crying, "Got no coal to heat the shack."

I've seen my brothers working throughout this mighty land,
I prayed we'd get together, and together make a stand.

Then we'd own those banks of marble, with a guard at every door,
LAST CHORUS And we'd share those vaults of silver that the workers sweated for!

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LA BORINQUEÑA

Poem by
M. Fernandez Astol

Translated by Jesus Colon
and Richard Crosscup.

Moderate and flowing

La tier-ra de Bo-rin-quen! Don-de he na-ci-do yo,
Oh my land of Bo-rin-quen! The land where I was born,

Es un jar-din flo-ri-do, De ma-gi-co pri-mor;
Gar-den so full of flow-ers, Mag-ic-'ly won-der-ous;

Un cie-lo siem-pre ni-ti-do, La sir-ve de do-sel,
Her sky for-ev-er lu-min-ous Is as a dome of light,

Y dan ar-ru-llos pla-ci-dos Las o-las a sus pies. Cuan-do a sus
While at her feet the pla-cid waves Sing so mel-o-di-ous. When to her

pla-yas lle-go Co-lon, Ex-cla-mo lle-no de ad-mi-ra-cion: "Oh, oh, oh,
Shores Co-lum-bus came, He cried in joy and won-der-ment: "Oh, oh, oh,

Es ta la lin-da tier-ra, Que bus-co yo--
This is the land of beau-ty, The land I sought--

Es Bo-rin-quen la hi-ja, La hi-ja del mar y el sol,
Oh Bo-rin-quen, the daugh-ter, The daughter of sea and sun,

Del mar y el sol, Del mar y el sol "
Sea and sun, Sea and sun! "

BORINQUEN



It took Richard C. Patterson, Jr., American Ambassador to Puerto Rico to prove what Peoples Artists has been saying for a long time. . . music speaks in tones of thunder.

The scene was the recent Central American Olympics in Guatemala. As the proud team of Puerto Rican athletes marched out onto the field, they were honored by their Guatemalan hosts with the playing of La Borinquen the Puerto Rican National Anthem. Ambassador Patterson, expecting to hear the Star-Spangled Banner, grew angrier and angrier as the first notes of Borinquen reached his ears. He protested to the Guatemalan government, saying that he was "surprised and indignant" at this slur to the United States.

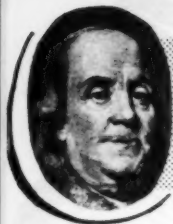
The matter didn't end there, however. Patterson, determined to save face, applied a little pressure to the Guatemalan government and an official apology was signalled by the playing of the Star-Spangled Banner during the closing ceremonies of the Olympics. Two American flags were raised over the Stadium of the Revolution and an American flag replaced the white banner with the green shield which Guatemala had raised to represent Puerto Rico among the massed flags of competing nations.

The position of Puerto Rico at this time in her history, is similar to that of the United States before the American Revolution. Their legislature is ruled by the veto of the United States Congress and President; they are not consulted on tariffs and commercial treaties which affect them, and they are subject to all the obligations of United States citizens including the draft. Despite this, the Puerto Rican people have a strong national spirit. La Borinquen was adopted by them as their national anthem as a result of this spirit.

New York papers referred to the song as a "dance tune" in explanation of this country's rage. But Leonard Harris, Latin American expert says, "I spent over five years in Puerto Rico and have heard La Borinquen played at many public assemblies and ceremonies. Never did I see a Puerto Rican fail to show the respect to this song that is customarily shown to the national anthem of any country." A Puerto Rican will always stand and remove his hat during the playing of La Borinquen.

The ambassador has good reason to be disturbed by this song. And he will be disturbed many times again at the sound of that melody, for the music will grow and grow until it bursts the chains that surround Puerto Rico, and the land of the Borinquen will finally belong to the people who sing about it and fight for it.

Beatrice Baron - Marilyn West



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:

We all know of Benjamin Franklin as an ardent patriot, philosopher, inventor, printer, and statesman. . . one who espoused the cause of democracy and republicanism in a period dominated by tyrannical monarchs. His accomplishments and views in the field of music are less well known, and are further proof of his versatility and rich interest in life.

In his early years as a member of the "Junto," a discussion group which he organized, he participated in group singing. He is known to have played the guitar, and perhaps some other instruments which were found among his possessions. He invented the glass harmonica, an instrument which was very popular for a short while, and for which Mozart and Beethoven composed music. His own compositions are songs, and a quartet for strings which was recently re-published: "Quartette a 3 violini con violoncello" -- (Editions Odette Lieutier, Paris, 1946.) There is a speculation as to whether he wrote some of the first Masonic songs that appeared in America. At any rate, he was the printer of the first song book of the Masons in this hemisphere. He also wrote on music and aesthetics, as in the following excerpts from two of his letters. It was only natural that here too, he should reflect and express his democratic attitudes.

The first letter was written in 1765 to his friend, the philosopher, Lord Kames of Edinburgh:

"In my passage to America I read your excellent work, The Elements of Criticism, in which I found great entertainment. I only wished you had examined more fully the subject of music, and demonstrated that the pleasure which artists feel in hearing much of that composed in the modern taste, is not the natural pleasure arising from melody or harmony of sounds, but of the same kind with the pleasure we feel on seeing the surprising feats of tumblers and rope dancers, who execute difficult things. For my part I take this to be really the case, and suppose it is the reason why those who are unpractised in music, and therefore unacquainted with those difficulties, have little or no pleasure in hearing this music. Many pieces of it are mere compositions of tricks. I have sometimes, at a concert, attended by a common audience, placed myself so as to see all their faces, and observed no sign in them during the performance of a great part that was admired by the performers themselves; while a plain old Scottish tune, which they disdained, and could scarcely be prevailed on to play, gave manifest and general delight.

"... The connoisseurs in modern music will say, I have no taste; but I cannot help adding, that I believe our ancestors, in hearing a good song distinctly articulated, sung to one of those tunes, and accompanied by the harp, felt more real pleasure than is communicated by the generality of modern operas, exclusive of that arising from scenery and dancing."

While living in London in 1765, Benjamin Franklin received the text of a ballad written by his brother, Peter, who asked him to either set it to music or refer it to another composer. Here is his reply:

"Dear Brother:

I like your ballad, and think it well adapted for your purpose of discountenancing expensive foppery, and encouraging industry and frugality. If you can get it generally sung in your country, it may probably have a good deal of the effect you hope and expect from it. But, as you aimed at making it general, I wonder you chose so uncommon a measure in poetry, that none of the tunes in common use will suit it. Had you fitted it to an old one, well known, it must have spread much faster than I doubt it will do from the best new tune we can get composed for it. I think, too, that if you had given it to some country girl in the heart of Massachusetts, who has never heard

Advocate of People's Music

any other than psalm tunes, or Chevy Chase, the Children in the Wood, the Spanish Lady, and such old simple ditties, but has naturally a good ear, she might more probably have made a pleasing popular tune for you, than any of our masters here, and more proper for your purpose, which would best be answered, if every word could as it is sung be understood by all that hear it, and if the emphasis you intend for particular words could be given by the singer as well as by the reader; much of the force and impression of the song depending on those circumstances. I will, however, get it as well done for you as I can.

"Do not imagine that I mean to depreciate the skill of our composers of music here; they are admirable at pleasing practised ears, and know how to delight one another; but, in composing for songs, the reigning taste seems to be quite out of nature, and yet, like a torrent, hurries them all away with it; one or two perhaps only excepted.

"You, in the spirit of some ancient legislators, would influence the manners of your country by the united powers of poetry and music. By what I can learn of their songs, the music was simple, conformed itself to the usual pronunciation of words, as to measure, cadence or emphasis. . . . A modern song, on the contrary, neglects all the proprieties and beauties of common speech, and in their place introduces its defects and absurdities as so many graces. I am afraid you will hardly take my word for this, and therefore I must endeavor to support it by proof. Here is the first song I lay my hand on. It happens to be a composition of one of our greatest masters, the ever-famous Handel. It is not one of his juvenile performances, before his taste could be improved and formed: it appeared when his reputation was at the highest, is greatly admired by all his admirers, and is really excellent in its kind. It is called, "The Additional Favourite Song in Judas Maccabeus." Now I reckon among the defects and improprieties of common speech, the following, viz.

1. Wrong placing of the accent or emphasis, by laying it on words of no importance, or on wrong syllables.
2. Drawing; or extending the sound of words or syllables beyond their natural length.
3. Stuttering; or making many syllables of one.
4. Unintelligibleness: the result of the three foregoing united.
5. Tautology; and
6. Screaming, without cause.

(Franklin continues to illustrate his commentary with some samples of the music.)

"... You will then perhaps be inclined to think with me, that though the words might be the principal part of an ancient song, they are of small importance in a modern one; they are in short only a pretence for singing.

I am, as ever,
Your affectionate brother,
B. FRANKLIN

P. S. The fine singer, in the present mode, stifles all the hard consonants, and polishes away all the rougher parts of words that serve to distinguish them one from another; so that you hear nothing but an admirable pipe, and understand no more of the song, than you would from its tune played on any other instrument. If ever it was the ambition of musicians to make instruments that should imitate the human voice, that ambition seems now reversed, the voice aiming to be like an instrument. Thus wigs were first made to imitate a good natural head of hair; but when they became fashionable, though in unnatural forms, we have seen natural hair dressed to look like wigs."

In this present period when many composers make a fetish of form, and also disdain and ignore the tastes and desires of the common people--these letters of Franklin have added meaning.

— HERBERT HAUFRECHT

5 NO MORE REDS

Words and music
by Bob Claiborne

IN THE UNION

The text was adapted from "I Belong to the Company Union," a song by a Detroit labor attorney, Maurice Sugar, who composed "The Soup Song" and "Sit Down." Bob Claiborne is the author of "Listen Mr. Bilbo," "It's My Union," and others.

With lively satire

The com- pa- ny's so good to me. There's no more reds in the
un- ion; I'm as re- spect- a- ble as can be. There's no more reds in the
un- ion. My wa- ges they are up so high my fam- 'ly's starv- ing.
so am I; But soon- er than complain I'd die. There's no more reds in the un- ion.

2. I get the lowest pay on earth,
There's no more reds in the union;
I'm paid exactly what I'm worth,
There's no more reds in the union.

I think the company is fair,
They speed me up but I don't care;
My kids object, but I don't dare --
There's no more reds in the union.

3. We never talk of workers' rights,
There's no more reds in the union;
They tell us that it leads to fights,
There's no more reds in the union.

Our leaders they have always said
That men who talk like that are red;
We listen to the boss instead --
There's no more reds in the union.

4. Each year we have a big affair,
There's no more reds in the union;
The bosses and their wives are there,
There's no more reds in the union.

They give us food; they give us beer,
But one thing does seem mighty queer,
We eat that good but once a year!
There's no more reds in the union.

"...THINGS I HEARD AND SAW...."

(Cont'd. from page 4)

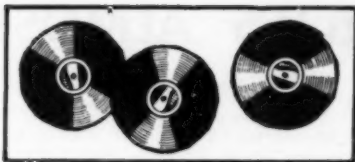
Out of this meeting came action. The CRC took the case of a young Negro man in Carrollton, Georgia, who had been waiting to die for a crime he did not commit. Plans were drawn up to canvass for food to feed his family and for money to carry on his defense, and for people to swell the membership of CRC from a current membership of 800 to 8,000, to a point where these frame-ups would never be permitted to occur. This meeting was successful and the growth of freedom in Georgia is assured, because all the elements are there; the people, their courage -- and their music.

The people of the South are forging a unity with their music. Our Peoples Artists songs supply them with a link to their northern brothers and give them a new feeling of strength and vitality.

In New Orleans I found much work to be done. I performed at Dillard University (a Negro college,) at a party sponsored by the YPA and CRC, at a Negro Baptist Church, and at a banquet in the largest Negro restaurant in the city where a minister signed up in CRC. But with all of this, there was a serious lack. Community leaders were present at these affairs, but the people were conspicuously absent.

To an organization, tours mean contact between local and national offices. In the South, particularly, it is imperative that northern Negro performers bring their message to the great liberation movement growing there because they can aid immeasurably in this growth. In addition, performers can make a living on the road if the tours are carefully planned to include paid concerts and affairs run for the wealthier people in the community who wish to see this work carried on. Travel by automobile insures a maximum of improvised affairs in out of the way places that can be a source of added income. As Peoples Artists expands, these tours will reach out to audiences who will become a great and influential section of the community, and whose feeling for music will be an essential part of their feeling for the welfare of humanity.

ERNIE LIEBERMAN.



Academic circles haven't yet recognized, to my knowledge, the maturing of a new American popular song art over the past decade. But the people here and throughout the world out of whose struggles the new art has arisen have taken it for their own. They're singing the songs of a new America.

The Hammer Song and the Banks of Marble are the latest of these new peoples classics. Sung by the Weavers, they launch the "Hootenanny" label, a new company dedicated to the production of peoples music.

Lee Hays, co-author with Pete Seeger of the Hammer Song, introduced it last year with his familiar wise-crack: "We will now sing an old folk song that we wrote last night." This, of course, is as true today as it was ten years ago when used to introduce the old Almanac classics, Union Maid, Jim Crow, and others.

The new music represents a transformation of the old folk song, somewhat akin to the way the Negro spirituals transformed the Bible. In the heat of the struggle to organize for peace, for freedom, for victories in strikes and against Jim Crow, all the basic sources of American music have become fused into a new medium.

Blues and church hymns, country fiddlers, Negro chants, prairie whoopees, have all been given a new kind of life in the New World Symphony of today.

Traditional musicians recognize that songs like the Hammer Song and Banks of Marble rank with the best lieder of Schubert. Their concert hall is the great amphitheatre of human struggle.

When the Chinese Army of Liberation occupied Pieping, the correspondents cabled over as hot news that one of the first acts of liberation was to teach the people the songs of the new democratic China.

The liberation of America lies ahead but the songs of the new America are already here. Anyone with an ear for mu-

(Cont'd. on page- 15)

6 IT'S ALMOST DONE

Negrowork song as sung by Leadbelly

This is one of the chain gang songs Leadbelly brought with him from the Southern penitentiaries. Compressed here in just a few lines is the whole story of the kind of "justice" dealt out to the Negro people. But with the people all over the world uniting for peace and freedom, we can also say that chain gangs, witch hunts and Jim Crow are ALMOST DONE.

On a Mon-day I was ar-rest-ed, On a Tues-day, locked up in jail, On a Wednesday my trial was at-test-ed, On a Thursday no-bod-y to go my bail. Well it's all, al-most done, Well it's all, al-most done, Well it's all, al-most done, And I ain't gon-na see those pret-ty gals no more.

2. Take these stripes, stripes from off of my shoulder,
Take these chains, chains from around my leg,
Lord, these stripes, stripes they sure don't worry me --
But these chains, chains gonna kill me dead.

REPEAT CHORUS

RECORDS (Cont'd. from page 11)

sic can hear what's coming in these Hootenanny records, and can say with them: "I have heard the future, and it sings."

The above-mentioned records may be obtained through your local book-shop or record store, or by writing directly to: "Hootenanny" Records, c/o Peoples Artists, Inc., 106 E. 14 St., New York 3, N. Y. The cost in this case is 79¢ plus 10¢ for mailing charges.

Walter Lowenfels

A fine tribute to the late Leadbelly has been issued by Folkways Records in the form of a Memorial Album called **TAKE THIS HAMMER**. Recorded under the supervision of Moses Asch and edited by Alan Lomax, the album consists of two 12 inch discs, each side devoted to one of the following: "Reels," "Blues," "Work Songs," "Spirituals." For example, side one is "Reels" and lists these songs: Green Corn, Yellow Gal, You Can't Lose Me Cholly, and Laura. Accompanying Leadbelly on some of the songs, both singly and in chorus is the Oleander Quartet--Woodie Guthrie, Cisco Houston, Ann Graham and Sonny Terry.

One of the most beautifully precise definitions of the blues ever given in any song or by any person is in Good Morning Blues. Leadbelly just talks about the blues in the beginning, saying:

"...Blues have got you. . . They want to talk to you. . . You've got to tell 'em somethin'! . . ."

Then he proceeds to invite the blues--an all too frequent visitor--to come in and sit down. . . "blues, how do you do!" This song is done in the fast solid tempo so characteristic of Leadbelly, and is one of the high-spots of the collection. Big Fat Woman, another song in the same section is very charmingly done with Leadbelly accompanying himself on the piano as he sings.

The notes come out in a genuine player piano style, so reminiscent of his Fannin' Street days. Leadbelly, incidentally, plays the concertina, as well as the piano and the 12 string guitar in this album and all of them in his own very special, delightful style.

The album winds up with a bunch of rousing spirituals and of course the last song is the one that practically became synonymous with Leadbelly's name--Irene. The song that made his audience quiet and almost reverential when he struck those first few familiar chords on the guitar.

A. W.



● Last year in Dover, Delaware a local of the Food and Tobacco Worker's Union was on strike. Pickets marched around the shop all day and sang: "If the boss is in the way we're gonna roll right over him. . . we're gonna roll the union on." The boss sat up in his office all day, and hour by hour became more and more demoralized. Finally he came out, completely broken, and spoke tearfully to the workers. "I don't mind that you walked out, I don't mind that you wouldn't let the scabs in, I don't mind that my business is being ruined, but boys, please don't roll all over me, I'll negotiate." P. S. He settled.

● Usually staid 57th Street in New York was treated to an unusual sight on April 11th--a picket line protesting the appearance of Nazi-lover Kirsten Flagstad at Carnegie Hall. More than 70 pickets, including many Peoples Artists members, were part of the protest organized by the Music Division of the A. S. P. and the Jewish Labor Council.

● Betty Sanders, who spends a good deal of time picking up American folkways while traveling through the streets of New York, says she suffers many indignities which result from carrying her guitar around. The most discouraging thing about remarks made in the past was their lack of originality. They ran something like this:

1. "Hey lady, can I carry your banjo?"

2. "Boy, that mandolin is bigger than you are!"

3. "Play us a tune."

There may have been a couple of variations, but essentially that's all she was able to gather on the subject. But at last, Betty says, the years of labor have paid off. Recently, she was walking down Seventh Avenue in the 30's and a little old man who was walking up-town eyed the guitar. As they passed each other his face brightened, he looked up, winked at her, and said, "Bim-Bam."

7

MINER'S DOOM

As sung by Daniel Walsh at Centralia, Columbia County, Pa. The Miner's Doom is an old Welsh ballad long popular in the anthracite region, where many of the miners are of Welsh descent. It was brought over from Wales by Thomas Jones of Seek, Schuylkill County, who sang it for George Korson in 1925. Korson recorded it for the Library of Congress.

Moderate D F#m G D

At five in the morn-ing as jol-ly as an-y, The
(ca-) res-ses his wife and his chil-dren so dear-ly, And
min-er does rise to his work for to go; He ca-
bids them a - dieu be - fore clos-ing the door; And
goes down the deep shaft at the speed of an ar-row, His
heart light and gay with-out fear or dread, Has no
thoughts of de - scend - ing to dan - ger and per-il But his
life is de - pend - ing on one sin - gle thread.

2. Now his wife had been dreaming of her husband so dearly;
She'd seen him in danger -- "God help me," she cried;
Too true was the dream of a poor woman's sorrow --
The rope broke ascending; her dear husband died,
Their home that morning was as jovial as any,
But a dark cloud came rolling straight o'er their door --
A widow, three children are left for to mourn him,
The one that they ne'er will see any more.
3. At the day of the funeral the great crowds had gathered,
He was loved by his friends, by his neighbors, by all;
To the grave went his corpse, by his friends he was followed;
The tears from our eyes like the rain they did fall.
And the widow, lamenting the fate of her husband,
Brokenhearted she died on the dear loved one's tomb.
To the world now is left their three little children,
Whose father had met with a coal miner's doom.

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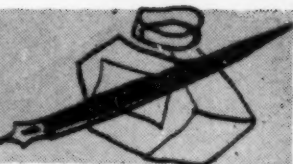
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Correspondence



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(Cont'd. from page 2)

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